



Morning Star

2004-2005

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Thank you to everyone who submitted their creative artwork and writing to this year's Morning Star.

S.C.A.M.P.E.R. POEMS

Remember by Rachel Sarafin

I hear some specialness within
Searching my heart for the girl
Be careful for beauties passed away
I cannot remember the love.
I know other ways to make life warm
That's what you want
Beauty would break
If my body was dying
I cannot remember the love.
My mind is needing unrest
A race to hope, never stopping
Every freedom a good-by
The feeling never stops
Something is dying while you love me

The Love of a Husband by Jessy Warren

As she lay in her bed, she says goodbye to him-
"Darling, when I die, live your life for me," says she.
He won't let her go, he needs her like his own limb-
"If you leave me here, I shall have nothing," says he.

Picking a grand memory from his collections-
"Your eyes sparkled like beautiful stars," says he.
Responding to the flash of recollections-
"You were a youthful man, sharp as a tack," says she.

Hoping to interrupt his never-ending love-
"Once glad and gorgeous, I now have nothing," says she.
Wishing to make her realize, he thought her a dove-
"You took my love from me, and keep it still," says he.

Attempting one last time to make her see his pain-
"Must I respond to the declining blade?" asks he.
Realizing that her death would bring him no good gain-
"You're a marvelous man to be with me," says she.

Dance of Hope
by *Melanie Dreuter*

Down the dark, dirty streets
under the torrents of pouring rain
sits a dingy little club
empty, save for the few
lonely souls
too drunk and depressed
to return to their pathetic homes

A man sits in the corner
motionless, bent over his drink
the band preaches greasy blues

The door opens, admitting
a cloaked, graceful figure

The drunks ignore the interruption
lost in self-pity
except the man in the corner

He watches the stranger
remove their hood
revealing the face of a woman

Not beautiful
not ugly
not old
not young

Just another stranger-

Easy enough to pass off-
to forget the moment she vanishes from sight
but he can't

Entranced, he leaves the table
for the first time in hours
chair scraping loudly
as he stands

She feels his gaze
turns to meet it

Approach one another
meet in the middle

He is shocked to see
the deep sadness in her eyes
mirrored by his

Without a word
they move together
to the heavy wail of the saxophone
eyes glued together

Little does he know-of her
three children, fatherless-of her
two jobs that don't pay enough-of her
eviction from her tiny apartment

Little does she know-of his
failed marriage that took his cash-of his
struggle with heroin addiction-of his
recent firing from his job

He reminds her-of her
first love-of her
joys of motherhood-of her
dancing days of high school

She reminds him-of his
first kiss-of his
mother's lullabies-of his
fishing days in grade school

The song ends
they separate
there is something new
in their eyes

As he returns to his corner
as she pulls on the cloak

The door opens
as she steps out

Down the sparkling, sunny streets
under the sheets of brilliant beaded light walking
away from the little club
full of the hope
of one man

Dreams of Darkness
By Shawn Gerard

**Deep into the Darkness standing long
Fearing as doubt enfolds
Wondering when this dream shall end
When all within seems lost
Love is found within thy eyes
Is this Love or wrath
The Dreams of Darkness enfold
To thy shall they praise and suffer
Thy blessed dominion shall not succumb
To the Dreams of Darkness
Days of trouble lie within
The love is wrath or is it not
Only the Darkness tells
Fearing Dreams within my dreams
All my days are trances
Wondering as I wander
No more can I see
The Dreams of Darkness Enfold**

Cheering up from the Play
by Alex Pehler

I now know I loathe it completely,
This song seems to go on and on.
The watchers of this play know not the pain-
The pain I feel each time I perform.

All except a special one
She hears my complaints,
Provides a shoulder to cry on-
Makes me smile after each practice.

All this frustration that exhausts me
Disappears each time I see her face,
She leaves me happy and yearning to go.
Without her I would give up.

When I see her face
My problems melt away
Thoughts of the play are gone-
After each hug we share.

The reason I stay-
Is for each hug you give.
The way they make me feel so-
special

Untitled
By Erin Bowman

Love is everything It's worth fighting for
Love is black and things you'd like to forget
You've got another love and nobody knows
My lonely heart, when you and I are apart
You, yourself deserves your love and
affection as much as anybody.
Happiness depends upon ourselves.
My lonely heart, into my midnight
bedroom, and comes to sleep upon your pillow
Someone else adores you, Hate often
is confused, just like me
The real beauty lies in your
heart, soul core.

There's no mistaking love.

Birth of a Genius
By: Alicia Hendrix

Born into oblivious surrender
Forced upon by bones and living flesh
A screech- agonized and clear
A burst and light falls on all things
And the killer, Death, takes hold
1 of millions forever silent
Now tell me why she died.

Her Song
By Natalie Liske

Left by her friend to sing alone on the wide-open stage.
Like a caricature, she, confused and embarrassed began to sing.
The melody, a victory, for what it gained.
The words ran on through the beautiful song.
A hand full of notes held long, long, then rest
Notes spaced, with lift and then fall.
She knew the right rhythms,
So she sang them so freely.
There it was, word for word, the song that took the place of a story.
And here I picked up on the melody.
Then she finds her past I comprehend.

Untitled
By Amber Sarnes

When did our cheerful love reverse?
When did love begin to cause you such humiliation?
When did you tire of me?
How long had you turned to another?
No matter now I suppose
Causing disaster gives you pleasure
For your soul that seems so cold

Your attack sent the souls of a girl to encase themselves in hate
I won't try to console your breaking heart, when you see me fall
Instead I'll let you watch my dying soul wrought upon the floor

Anger possesses me
Because I could not stop my words, god kindly stopped them for me
You will need a hold upon a selfless dead
For your torture will bring me pleasure
Punishing you will be fun

Your soul will soon be full of holes made by my bitter words
Your groans will pierce the heavens
But none will be held in my heart
I will watch your composure fall and you cry
But I will keep it private

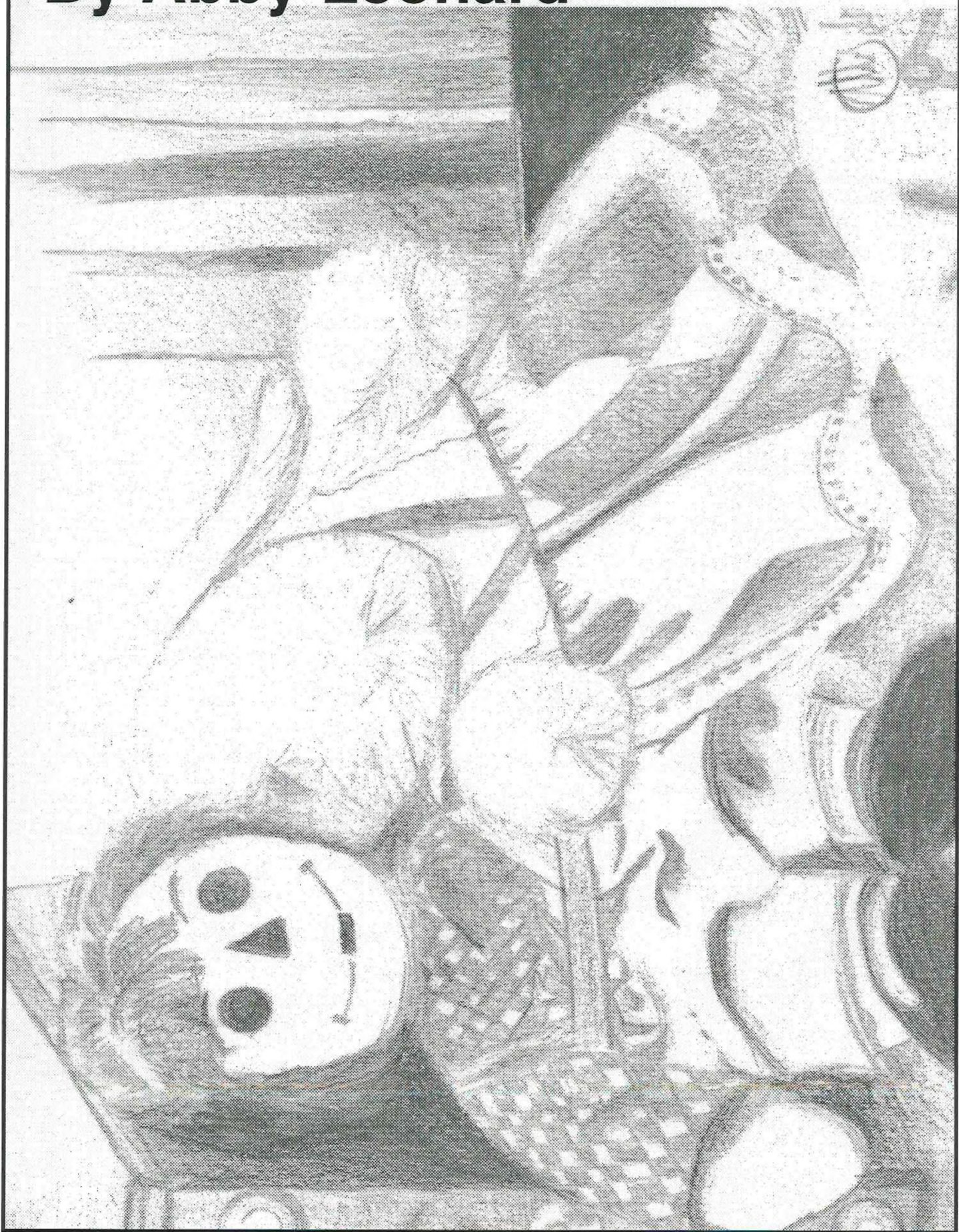
And when I am done I will plunge into the waters
And the angels will give me wings
And the power to say, with love upon my lips
With surety and calmness
Obligations of loving you no longer fall with me

BEACH DREAMS
BY: LAUREN ARMBRESTER

I WILL COME UPON SECRET SOON
AND FADE INTO DREAMLAND BY NOON
ROAMING ON THE BEACH ALONE
DARK SHADOWS TRAILING THAT I DEEM ON MY OWN
SOMETIMES FOR A MINUTE OR TWO
I THINK THAT I CAN FLY, DON'T YOU?

THE COLOR OF THE SAND IS AS PRETTY AS GOLD
WAVES TUMBLE ALL ABOUT SO BOLD
MOTHER INTERRUPTS MY THOUGHTS WITH HER CALL
I GATHER ALL THE SHELLS I CAN HAUL
I FIND IT SO HARD TO LEAVE THE SEA SO BLUE
AND FOLLOW MY FOOTPRINTS BACK HOME, DON'T YOU?

By Abby Leonard



The Cemetery Cognizance
By Krista Hemphill

You might find it to be quite unusual,
To run around inquisitively, while the bodies below you are no longer alive
Thrown in graves like dolls with fractured heads,
With a creak and a shove and a bang and a cry,
Their family and friends left them forever.
Now, fifty years later, I visited this infected burial site,
Down by the river, past the cement gardens,
In the shadowed forest of shadowed thoughts.
And I instantly perceived
The lost memories of the forgotten souls.
Then, their hands reached out to grab me as quickly as people run from a bomb.
Soon the body-chilling stories of the deceased began.
One advised me to follow my heart, to find true love.
Another warned me not to die as an unknown, but rather make myself important.
A final lonely arm suggested walking to my own beat and never following the crowd.
As I peered around into each individual face,
Darkness and dread crept into my veins.
And I began to cry as I wondered,
Was it fair, was it just, for these people to be forever haunted by their own regrets, while Others happily
watched from above, unknowing?
Disheartened, I slowly sank into the damp ground as I thought,
I've done it...
I've done it.

Stillness
By: Sarah VanDeCastele

The stillness covers the air: No movement.
I heard nothing in the past winds
nor in the winds arriving.
The burning silence no more shall disturb
the peaceful movement of the drizzling rain.

The river rushed, but doesn't stir
where the pebbles gleam.
And overhead the sun rises
and paths are lengthened.
Water droplets glisten in the sunlight.

The silence has gone down, replenished with activity.
I gave no second glance to the past winds;
instead I looked into the winds arriving.
The sunlight instructed by God
heals the silence resting in the air.

Lost in the Shadows

By Shannon Farley

If you don't believe in shadows, it's curiously true;
the shadows you scorn will then all but consume you.
Now she sits forlorn, she wishes she had not been born.
Deep shadows and darker night, no more can she see the light.
It's strange how one can't seem to find, one crying soul, once slipping mind.
PROCEDURE says this is a must, in PROCEDURE she holds no trust
There, whilst lost in a midnight dream, her mouth agape with silent scream
Her broken body, lie at rest alone. Who she is, still unknown.
No wonder it hurts to live, for harder no one works.
Pain is ever-blank, filling others with worthless quirks.
No one knows the other days, before you poisoned her with hate.
Let us who forgot to save the weak, know that she can no longer speak.
The world is her prison, why not let her out?
Will no one truly listen, just to hear her shout?
She is endlessly lonely, her heart overly homely.
Then, if she should fall; there'd be nothing, nothing, nothing at all.
Committed to the shadow, no chance to be free.
Surrounded by night; it's all she can see.
For, nobody knows you when you're in the shadows.
How could you permit this to affect her?

Scamper Poem

By Kate Hermiston

The moon watches Neptune's eyes
And reflects its sister's tide.
A pit-heaven over head
Holding God's secret and mine.

The eternal struggle of souls.
I live in storm and strife
To keep treading-treading
Keep dancing on the waves.

I could not stop tides of time
That wear the sand and mind.
My life, only a ripple of the sea.
I attended the burial of life.

Here comes darkness, my wavy end.
I lose myself, sinking into the foamy spray.
'Till the answer falls from the moon's eyes
And to heaven's splendor I ascend.

peace
By: Stephanle Hoover

went looking for peace
quiet unbroken peace
peace was just around the bend
where I was surrounded by it
silence blankets the forest
in a most beautiful way
even when you are crying
peace envelopes you there

welcome all!
the trees ask no questions
be you friend, foe, or stranger
the forest had no doors
you cannot be shut out
the sounds of birds in the treetops
singing hello to fill the air
each has its own nest
amid the branches of towering trees
the forest tells none of the secrets revealed within it
it listens intently to all you have to say
babbling brooks speak to all who wish to hear
of the wonders and loveliness of this place
many vines intertwine in a glistening mural
the raindrops on its leaves reflecting the rainbow
branches weave in a wash of colorful leaves
creating natural sanctuaries for weary pilgrims

went looking for peace
Quiet unbroken peace

ifound it flourishing
i found it in the forest

Photo by
Sam
Kennedy



Earth as a Canvas
By Taylor Wilson

God painted a picture of loveliness
To view earth with the beauty heaven lent her
Through winter night and summer day
God painted a picture of loveliness

As horizon grows dew kisses the hillside
Near midnight stars grace the sky
At noon light shimmers of a river fair
Ever present, earth's beautiful disposition

God painted a picture of loneliness
Over golden fields and darkened valleys
Scaling mountains to view treasures forgotten
God painted a picture of loveliness

Mechanic
By Cory Hankemeier

What does the mechanic say?
He lies on the floor, peering and such
Deep in to the darkness under the hood he looks
He talks of a expensive and costly items
A belt, he says, to replace
I am not acquainted with such

Old and Rotten he says
It was too late for me
Once upon entry into the shop,
I knew I was doomed
Honor those who are able to work on such beasts,
and reaps the moneys

All I know how to do is drive, he thinks!
There was not even ten thousand, thousand miles on that belt
I shall find me a new mechanic
Silly Mechanic! You know nothing!
A part of me is a educated mechanic

Straight I wheeled the car out of the shop
In to my own
"Mechanic," said I, "Man of lies and foolish ability's as a devil!"
The belt fell off
The car does not smooth start any more.

Fairies
By Cecilia Grove

*Fairies, the people along the sky
Up from the ancient trees
In a land all covered in silvery leaves
Waters gather and high grasses wave
Ponder the people of the glen
Who will watch a darling wren, Fairies*

*Fairies, their bright wings shine
Like pearl or ruby glowing
Or like a starry sky
The snow and ice do glow
Up from the sea of wings
The key of wonder lies in the waters
To watch is out of space
Or is it time never without a shore, Fairies*

*Fairies, wise and quiet as silent
As a cat's paws, fleet and fair
The cliffs and valleys they wonder along
Under golden arches where waterfalls flow
Upon the marsh to meet
Beside a river nevermore
Near a soft mountain top
Along a firey spring
In a kingdom by the sea
They look—they have seen—wondrously serene, Fairies*



Drawing by Lisa Johnson

S.C.A.M.P.E.R.
Caitie Dau

Her life, her life
Nailed in the crossroad
Of life.

The blonde assassin
Make young boys honk
Suffers herself to be
Desired.

Who that she loves
Her kisses, unspent
Much happiness, only once,
In her life.

Of Sweet Sugar and Sunshine
They'll see, she is beautiful.
Her life,
Unspent desire.

Let Go
By Kellie Noel

Joy like an endless river
She is not young, nor is she old
She'll soon find out
Every joyful moment
Brings double the pain
Aided by him
If she would just let him go.

Grief like a never-ending waterfall
Step by step with tears
Following the far off memory of ecstasy
Wishing it all away
Hoping that it's time to grow
And no matter how she tries
If she would just let him go.

Joy like an endless river
She'll soon find out
It's an ongoing cycle
The heart seeks love first
Then relief from sorrow
But now, hand in hand with happiness
She let him go.

Passing Over
By Kristy Caldwell

Meet me at the lighthouse—And I will be waiting
I will play the seasons around your knees, like fog upon the lake.
I brought you the blossoms in the grass and burned the old away,
You took the rest, understanding the swollen sunlight.
We could have slept under the grass and dirt, or else under the clover's root.
Then at the moment—Your soul was stiller than the fields at sunrise. You wanted
To start over, like an insect and relive each day.
But your whole idea that became—has died
And space stares you in the face, blinding like a light.
It told you—"dissolve" says death; the spirit said, "go above your nerve"—
But you just murmured:
"The soul has moments of tranquility—
like chaos and cold—without a chance, don't spare me to subsist."
Spaces of humid quiet and white noise when I went to heaven—and death is a dialogue
Between the spirit and the dust in its cracks, when I return, go slower—for destiny is
Difficult to gain.

Unshed Tears
By Shalee Anderson

When is it my time to cry, to rest?
Instead of always needing to be at my best
For my friends, my family I must stand tall
Through every hurt, pain, through it all

However, when will tears be allowed to trail down my cheek?
When will that day come, in a year? A month? A week?
Everyone thinks I'm perfect, clean of every wrong
They don't see my list of mistakes is quite long

I couldn't stand the disappointment in the depths of their eyes
To know my transgressions, each and every one of my lies
Only God knows of each of these things I have done
I don't deserve the gift of his son

My eyes are dry, tears unwelcome for now
Unable to have the relief of their release somehow
My body trembles and quakes
As I try to keep the pain bottled within, my body shakes

I must keep myself strong, without tears
Force away all unwanted fears
Hopefully, one day I'll be able to finally cry
To show weakness, possibly before I die



Drawing by Erin

The Battle of Throné's Keep
By Justin Rumpza

As dawn approaches,
he can be seen commanding the roaring billows,
as he leads the devil horde,
sensing our fear it was all he could do to stay his men,
his coming would leave ripples in the song of time,
wind on the walls with a stormy and bleak horizon,
and the truth in every man's eyes,
this light and dark contradiction,
our eyes met and we knew,
to the grave I shall send thee,
or he will leave us in graves as remorse and sinister as the thought of death,
it was the call of duty to the field of blood,
as we rode out the sun glinted off our armor and lances,
like newly risen stars,
we rode forward in remembrance of every unknown warrior,
that would fall that day to prevent the rise of evil,
I met him head on, raising my shield of faith for him to strike upon,
every minute of life,
was a measure of skill,
it was over with a disarming swing,
and one final thrust,
light had triumphed that day,
but soon it was all but shadows and myths,
from life to death, to dust, to memory.



Drawing by Lacey Struble

Soar with your Dreams
Janey Clark

Set your values high
You've earned the best.
Strive for what you wish for,
And don't ever settle for less.

Be the last to surrender and the first to succeed
Keep faith in yourself,
Regardless of what you decide.
Just maintain your winning attitude, and you will never fail.

Keep your objective in mind, but don't be concerned if you wander away,
For the most important thing is not your mission,
But what you have picked up on your way.

Seize everything you have become
To be all that you can be,
Ascend far above the clouds and allow your dreams to set you free.

Jazz
Sarah Longner

**Music is Life,
Music is everywhere.
It thrives on emotion.
Jazz swings with golden desire,
Rock pulsates with flames of passion,
Classical sings sweetly with love,
But it all develops from an enthusiasm just the same.**

**Hear us Jazz it up.
Drums banging, crashes and hits are all they play,
Guitar and bass keep the beat as well,
Wailing on the shiny saxophones encompasses everyone,
Like a breath of fresh air a trumpeter belts out a dazzling solo,
The trombone section assists the soloist, providing intriguing background melodies.**

**I can see the conductor waving wildly—keeping us together—though he need not to.
I become a part of the music,
The music that can fix anything,
Whether it be a broken heart or a broken soul.
Nothing can sing with a shattered spirit,
But all can be repaired with a little bit of Jazz.**

**We will end soon.
Enjoy it now.**

Scamper Poem: Untitled

By: Hannah Rochau

Dark days, which churned as squalls that gathered near
Made stony summons heavy on him lie
To conquer there for those who lived in fear.
He could not leave the innocents to die.
With sharpened sword of righteous rage at hand
The angry warrior fought for liberty
And sacrificed for his beloved land
Because he could not argue destiny.
And now a fallen weapon, past his wrath,
Mortality he can no longer keep.
He walks not in conquering hero's path.
His troubled soul with wounded shadows deep
Torments him, causes sleeplessness each night.
This truth of harshest life is one man's cry:
The skies will be unjust in all their might
And they would leave the innocents to die.
This tomb-less monument has just one plea:
That he might blissfully forget at last
Despite an outcome he could not foresee,
And set of sun could finally come to pass.

Night

By Michael Willis

One dreary night, I wondered, wearily
It had been EVERYBDY and NYBDY.
EVERYBDY.
NYBDY.
Some dark visitor. Darkness there. There,
Gazing Deep into the Darkness,
Long I wondered, wearily.
My soul—burning—within me.
EVERYBDY was not cruel, NYBDY was truthful.
Again I searched my soul,
for—what—there really was.
EVERYBDY—mute as a mannequin.
It seemed a piece of sediment. One—lone—Traveler.
Darkness there. There—
I tried, I tried to rub away the strangeness in my eye, the Darkness.
Things appeared, disappeared, magnified.
Darkness there. There—
Then light struck the earth, it was gone, and light returned,
were he not Away, light would be gone—and I would sleep.
Darkness there. There—
Some human sleep were EVERYBDY & NYBDY not gone.

Untitled
By Stephanie Haycraft

In the murky shadows of the room she lies motionless
Waiting
For him to come and rescue her once again
Waiting
For his pleading apology
Waiting—
Listening to the morning birds singing she
Seeks
A rational explanation for the sudden door slammed in her face
Seeks
For a concealed fault unknown to her
Seeks—
Through the dusty rays of early morning sunlight she
Cries
Tears glistening down her cheek
Cries
To hear his soothing voice one last time
Cries—
The gloomy shadows creep into the room and she
Surrenders
As she lies on the soft couch recalling the wonderful memories
Surrenders
As he strides in the room once again into her arms
Surrenders—

Life doesn't make sense.
Anna Wiese

A chance to win the race you've been trying to run.
You wait too long and you know you've been screwed.
Your hopes and dreams just shot down the tubes.
Heartache attacks you at the first feeling of loneliness.
The rain clouds are forming, reflecting the HATE of mankind.
Sin tries to defend its reasons.
Pain will strike at full blast.
The state of pain hits in the morning.
It feels as if I'm hanging on edge.
The force of hate is like it's the start of death.
My spirit rises and then it plunders.
My life is not as it was in the beginning.
It starts to close in.
I feel like I can get through this.
I see a glimmer and realize that YOU are my only hope of survival.

My Divine
Tanjha McNeil

Something...in your eyes...noticed before
My beginning...thrown out the useless things
Far from home...will I be alone?
My single wish...river, beautiful...hopeful
Feel as a dream...but I feel alive
Caution thrown aside
You are the only one...my divine
The only one...my divine
Do you realize...

The world...to end
Feeling...all alone inside...these feelings I hide
These things you'll never see...ever see
Even-from the beginning...you've never seen
In these last—breaths
Even in these, they remain unspoken
When the evening comes—take these helpless lives
Our lives
Not even in these last moments...
You shall never see my pain inside
You shall die in peace...and I shall watch this with my silent eyes
Yet...maybe...you'll see...in my eyes-my fears...my dreams
Of things meant to be
The moment gone...the thought past
Everything—lost
Everything that had been meant to be
If—if you'd only seen...god...if you'd only seen
My wounds, my pain, and yet all my dreams
To these all you were blind
My heart lain open before you...you turned away blind
You were the one...my only one...
My divine

The sun warming my skin.
Loving the warm weather and the summertime.
The sun seems to shine brighter,
Sitting and watching the sunrise and set.
Swimming in the summer sun,
The water is cool and the sun is warm.
Reading under the sun,
Discovering new flowers,
And calling them my own names.
Under the sun,
It is hot.
Looking up on a summer's night,
Lots of stars in the sky,
The stars shining bright,
This is the day summer ends.
This summer you got
Warmth, the summer sun and
A summer of memories.
For the summer's ending and fall is on its way,
Cool and cooler the summer night gets.
The summer so warm and the fall so much cooler.
Summer is now just a faded memory,
But I will remember every moment.

Never Goodbye
By Erin Daniels

Here, under the dusk starlight, soft and still
The knowledge is haunting my mind.
Through my heart it floats, twisting the truth with the lies.
You know me better than I know myself,
Yet alone you leave me to cry.

In an ordinary room you received the news
Skillfully keeping me in the dark.
You left the doctor with unworried eyes
Seemingly so bright and alive.

Slowly, I watched as you slipped away,
Still I chose to ignore all the signs.
The stutter in your step,
Your shortage of breath
Were not worrisome at the time.

As I looked into your eyes that last fateful night
You told me never to say goodbye.
If I said the word one last time,
It would mean goodbye forever.

You grew up believing we are born to die
But our spirit lives on eternally.
Looking up to the heavens I know you were right
So goodnight my love, not goodbye.

Photo by Jessica Zeimet



Alphabet Poems

Mirror, Mirror
By Caitlin Watkins

A

Bright, round
Crystal clear mirror
Displaying all it sees
Emphatically. It can show
Facial expressions, lit by a soft
Gently smile, a frown, a spirit with
Hidden thoughts, untouched by human sight, or a
Intellect, carefully cultivated until it's sharp as a wild
Jaguar's claws. A mirror can also reveal the dark thoughts
Killers harbor, hidden safely from the public view, from the bright
Light of day, hiding from all in the world, the darkest desires
Men and women alike hide, the thoughts also contrived of pure joy, delight
Newborn curiosities of the surrounding world, as of yet undiscovered to this young mind
Old, wizened eyes, deeply set in faces weathered by life, harsh as life as it goes by
Perseverance is evident, a strength in the eyes, that the young ones have yet to learn
Quality of life, possessed by all, but understood by none, it lends value to all it touches
Reflection in the mirror, it's unable to touch, only able to merely observe life as it goes by
Shimmering tears, the red rimmed eyes are no stranger to the looking glass, nor are the eyes
too harshly
Touched by make up, hiding the natural beauty of humanity beneath a false mask. But hiding does
no good, for
Undimmed light of the world stand for no such lies. Exposing the truth in its own way, gently,
openly, for then
Verily, humanity stands, in all its flaws self evident; all falls open, no more lies told to the world,
it cries. So,
When standing in front of the mirror, examine yourself! Say of what you see indeed...
despite what they say, the mirror is an
X-ray of the soul, examining you, examining me, seeing us, not what we want and need to see,
need to believe, to escape ourselves
Why do we hide? Why do we need this charade? The point? A mockery of life; what you see is
no longer what you get.
Zealous to show what the world wants, the soul, the human fades... but looking into the mir-
ror reveals the true face of the fallen... IN YOU.

Untitled
By Nicki Reed

Alone
By myself
Considering my future
Decisions in my life.
Each and every day I
Feel differently about where I should
Go to college, and what I could
Hope to do when I get out. I
Imagine myself as a teacher, following in mom's footsteps.
Just being a teacher not for the pay, for the
Kids. So they can learn their numbers and their twenty six
Letters. To see them accomplish some of the little things in life.
My life is sometimes uncertain of what the future holds for me. It
Never reveals what is ahead. Teenagers get this feeling in high school the
uncertainty
Of their lives. No one knows if they will see each other again. After the
People file out of the graduation ceremony and go to the parties. Best friends
are disappearing
Quickly during the summer. Packing for college and leaving behind their lives
in a cloud of dust.
Running with the rest to make new friends and new memories. Life passes us
by much too fast,
So many things to do but not enough time to make the memories last. But I
know one day
Together, we will be again. We might be older and have a husband or a wife, and
maybe some kids
Urging us to get up. All of these ideas are coming together quickly , but these
will take time to be true.
Voices in my head are telling me to stop thinking so far ahead. It makes me
excited to think of what's ahead.
Why am I wondering all of these things when I'm in high school? Shouldn't
these come later on? The map with the big
X has not been found. But it's too early to panic. I can explore my hopes and
dreams, find what is best for me.
Years of my childhood have flown by fast. Having play dates and picnics at the
zoo, are in the past. I know I'm not a
Zero just because my future is not planned out. I can take my time and have
the time of my life, LIVING LIFE TO THE FULLEST!

ADVICE POEMS

Hope

By Taylor Wilson

Don't think you know everything; learn all you can from others; make new friends; try to cheer others up; don't associate with those who will bring you down; the laundry room is downstairs so don't throw your dirty laundry on your bedroom floor; dirty dishes go in the dishwasher, not on the counter; always do your homework at the table and not in front of the television; Make sure you get to class on time; Is it true kids in your class are drinking? Don't waste precious minutes worrying about what others think; think before you speak; speak clearly when addressing an audience; swallow your food before talking; chew with your mouth closed as not to disgust your guests; clean your house before having company; keep the bathroom clean in case a friend stops by; it is rude not to call before going to someone's house; it is rude not to invite friends over; make sure never to leave anyone out; when you are outside in the sun, make sure you wear sunscreen; if kids in your class are drinking, make sure not to involve yourself with them; when you're at the beach make sure your swimsuit is tied tight so as not to give the boys a show; But I don't drink and neither do my friends; Don't give your heart to the first boy you meet; learn about a guy before going on a date; Don't forget birthdays; they sneak up on you quite quickly; going out is fun, but don't move too fast; don't exceed the speed limit by more than 5 mph; never get in a car with someone who is under the influence; drugs and alcohol are stupid and pointless so don't try them; don't get sucked into a circle of friends who do wrong things; don't slurp your soup or drinks; when on a date, don't over spaghetti; make sure to eat carbohydrates before a race; stay in shape, don't let your beautiful body go to waste; take out the trash so the house doesn't smell; make sure to wear perfume so you smell nice; learn how to save money; save yourself for true love; don't lose sight of your values; this is how you control yourself; don't hog the remote; you must control your temper, even when things bother you, *but what if people make fun of me?* You mean to tell me that after all this you are still going to be the kind of person who gets made fun of?



Drawing by Abby Leonard

Sister to Sister
By Amanda Disch

Make the bed as soon as you wake up; get out all the wrinkles and don't leave any lumps; like the lumps you left last week and you got in trouble by mom; take a shower, wash your face, brush your teeth, with your toothbrush, comb your hair, dry it before you catch a cold; this is how you vacuum fast; what about... I'm getting there, I'm getting there, this is how you vacuum without leaving marks behind you; Thanks, that's all I wanted to know; this is how you dust fast where it looks like you dusted really good but you only dusted the front, this is how you dust really good taking your time; this is how you wash your clothes; this is how you sort out all the colors, your reds, your blacks, your whites; this is how you mix some red with our brother's whites and turn it pink; this is how you fold your clothes, this is how to fold your clothes without a crease; this is how to play football; What if I don't want to beat the guys?; this is how to pretend not to know how to play football so they go easy on you; this is how you clean your room; this is how you shove everything under your bed so your room looks clean; this is how you wash the dishes; this is how you wash the dishes without leaving streaks behind; this is how you answer the phone; this is what to do when you find out it's a telemarketer; this is how you bathe in the sun; this is how you put on sunscreen; this is how you get skin cancer when you forget to put on sunscreen; this is how you mow the lawn; What! I've never seen you mow before; this is how you pay the neighbor boy to mow the lawn for you; this is how to bake cookies; this is how you eat all the cookies; I don't like cookies, I like the dough; this is how to eat all the cookie dough instead of baking the cookies; this is what you do for a stomach ache after eating all the cookie dough; this is how you eat an ice-cream cone, this is how you eat an ice-cream cone without dropping the ice-cream out of the cone, this is how you get the ice-cream stain out of your shirt because we all know that the ice-cream cone is going to drip; this is how to get dressed when it's hot, when it's cold, this is how to get dressed when you don't know what it's going to be like outside; this is how to wear make-up; don't put on too much or you will look like a clown; this is how to put it on so you can't tell you're wearing any; I can tell you wear make-up when you go to school; speaking of school, this is how you do your homework the night its assigned to you, because I know you'll forget about it; How do you know I'd forget about it?; Because you're my little sister and I am older and wiser and I know you'll forget about it; Fine then o' great one do you have any other useful advice?; No I think that's it, for now anyway.

Mr. President
By Cory Hankenmeier

Save the starving people of Africa; Help the poor people living on the streets; Make sure the economy doesn't plummet; How am I supposed to do this all? Don't worry if people argue, don't listen, and talk about the good things; Make sure everyone is like you; Disobey your friends and fellow partners; But why should I do something like that? Destroy a country, and rebuild it; Everyone will love you because of it, but not really. Fight forest fires, and rebuild after natural disasters; Find alternate sources of energy; This is the way it must be done; Lock up your uncanny history, and never remind them of it; But my past was great!!!; Be a so called leader and take full control of the situation; We are the most powerful. The U.S. is yours to control!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Miscellaneous Poems

TRICK OR TREAT
BY AMANDA MARY DISCH

I WENT FOR A WALK
WEARING MY NEW MASK
GOING DOOR TO DOOR
I HAVE AN IMPORTANT TASK

STEALING CANDY
FOR ME AND MY FRIENDS
GETTING LOTS OF GOODIES
WHAT A GREAT TREND

TRICK-OR-TREATING,
A CHILD'S DREAM
A BAG FULL OF CANDY,
WHAT MORE CAN YOU NEED

UNTITLED
BY AMBER SARNES

HERE COMES SANTA
SHE CAN SEE HIM IN THE DARK
EYES GLOWING RED,
TEETH RAZOR SHARP.

HIS FACE IS PALE AND GHASTLY
HIS BEARD MATTED WITH RED.
WHERE IS THE MAN WE HELD SO DEAR?
WHO IS THIS MAN WE DREAD?

SHE WAS TOLD HE WAS A JOLLY MAN
WITH CHEEKS A ROSY COLOR,
A BELLY THAT DANCED WITH LAUGHS
AND HE BROUGHT GIFTS FOR ONE ANOTHER

THIS MAN IS NONE OF THOSE
HE FILLS HER HEART WITH FEAR
HE'S COMING DOWN THE CHIMNEY
OH NO HE DRAWS SO NEAR

HE'S STANDING THERE BEFORE HER
REACHING OUT WITH DEADLY CLAWS
HE LUNGES AND HE GETS HER,
INTO THE DARK SHE FALLS.

Until the Snow
By Tanjha McNeill

something
calm and still
but constantly moving with change
reflective as a mirror
but moving and lively all on its own
but then when the coin turns
so constant—but slow
its violent and unforgiving
for whence which it came
though it is forceful and fully aware
the calm side is peaceful and forgivingly aware
of the poison we dispose upon it with unforgiving care
but yet it still stays as calm as the snow so peacefully slow
for until the time comes for it to go.

We all want to be remembered
By Trisha Simpson

We all want to be remembered
Even if it is for something small

Anyone can be remembered
Limitations do not apply, but
Laws are still in place

We work as hard as we can
Accomplishing as many things as possible
Not wanting to be forgotten, so we are
Trying to find a way

To be remembered throughout
Our long and pleasant lives

Becoming a part of something will help us
Enjoy our time here on earth

Remembrance is something that we wish for
Every day that we spend here on earth, which
Makes us want to be the best that we can
Every minute that we are alive
Men and women and children are all
Borne with a purpose and a path
Even if it cannot be clearly seen, and while we
Remember those before us and
Eventually we ourselves will be remembered for
Doing whatever it is that we have accomplished

Midwestern Ignorance
By Brittany Clemens

I hate this Midwestern ignorance
The way these people
Look and only see one way
We are only human
Not that great
Not so significant that we never
see wrong
Why does everything have to be this
Midwestern way
It's all one way to us
You doubt people without even knowing
You hate people
You judge people
Without even knowing
It's like a Midwestern curse
It sucks you in
No matter how hard you try to avoid it
You can't get away
From this Midwestern ignorance

With the Pounding of the Ball
By Trisha Simpson

Boom, boom, boom, boom
My heart beats loud and steadily
With the pounding of the ball
As it bounced to the left and the right
As it goes up and down the court
Getting slammed into the basket
Or tossed into the air
For a lay-up,
Or whipped into play
At the tip off
My heart beats steadily
To the pounding of the ball
The ball and my heart are one
For the ball is a part of me
And I of it
It is my destiny, to play basketball
It is in my blood
As well as in my heart
For my heart beats loud and steadily
With the pounding of the basketball

Seeing the Unseen
By Stephanie Hoover

**My eyes see nothing;
The darkest of black envelopes them.
I see your heart;
I see the kindness that flows out of it.
I see your inner mirth;
I see the tears your heart weeps.
My ears hear nothing;
Silence surrounds them, waiting and unbroken.
I hear your unasked questions;
I hear the pleas that never leave your lips.
I hear your unshed tears fall;
I hear your heart cry out.
My tongue tastes nothing;
spicy and sour remain undefined.
I taste your salty tears;
I taste the care you put into your work.
I taste your sweet happiness;
I taste the love you put into your cooking.
My skin feels nothing;
Cold and hot are both unknowns.
I feel your hidden pain;
I feel the warmth of your love.
I feel your icy glare;
I feel the hidden fears that haunt you.
My lips are mute;
Sound dies within and is never heard.
You hear my unsaid thoughts;
You hear the laughter that rests in my twinkling eyes.
You hear my muffled sobs;
You hear my voiceless shouts of joy.**

My Buddy
By Amanda Dischi

**MOM SAID I'LL LOSE MY MIND IF WE GET A DOG.
BUT I FEEL I'M REALLY LOST WITHOUT ONE.
IN THE EARLY MORNING SHE GIVES IN WITH A SHAKE OF HER HEAD.
AND DOWN THE ROAD WE GO TO MEET MANS BEST FRIEND.**

**I HAD BEEN WAITING FOR THIS DAY.
WAITING FOR THIS DOG, FOR WHAT FELT LIKE A LIFETIME.
T WAS HIS FIRST DAY WITH HIS NEW FAMILY,
AND HE WAS LAZY, LAZY, LAZY BUDDY**

**AND THEN HE BECAME CRAZY AND PEOPLE CAME TO LOOK
BUT BUDDY IS HARMLESS JUST A LOVABLE SOUL
HE IS ALWAYS THERE WHEN THE SMOKE BLOWS BLACK
FOR THAT IS WHY I LOVE HIM MORE THAN LOVE CAN LAST.**

Tree
By Cecilia Grove

I am patient and calm. I will always wait.
I stand and watch as the seasons pass again and again.
The people I watch over are always rushing about.
The birds, only, talk with me,
But, they too are always on the move, never planting their roots
For I know my place and I know what I should expect,
The gray, stucco house I stand by and the flat land all around.
I grow tall, taller than all the others, watching all around me.
The people I watch and know, they love routine.

I am a guardian. Faithful and steady.
I know the people's routines, that they seem,
Not to even know themselves! The ups and downs,
Of their fast paced life, still, sometimes,
It surprises me! They forget to study and just watch.
They do look to me often, seeing that I am firm, unchanging.
They are afraid of too much change.
I will stay the same 'til after they are gone,
They know this, they look to me.

Untitled
By Trisha Simpson

Perched aloft on a tree branch
An owl looks out into the field
For his evening snack
With the moonlight glowing
As the earth comes to life
With the creatures of the night
To us their missions are unknown
But to them they are clear
Swiftly and quietly the move
Gathering what they need
For there young ones
Being the hunter or the hunted
They don't always know which
But by the end of the night
Their missions are completed
And the animals and the owl retire
For the sun is now rising
And the creatures of the day
Are beginning to stir

Exposed
By Andy Wentzloff

calm for now this world is to be,
but not for long that can be seen,
days are changing, nights are freezing,
the cold are dying, the warmth unseemly,
never knowing what is coming,
my fear is growing , and always looming,
the moon shines not in this dark time,
for the gods have picked it from its vine,
never knowing light of day,
we fear its warmth, and stay away,
years have past, as if it rained
the tremors are now causing pain,
seeing terror and smelling fear,
my friends have sensed something near,
not even the old ones will wipe their tears,
unknown to us, a creature of measure,
only wanting a hint of pleasure,
the light now is what it seeks,
always sneaking for a peek,
stealing now is what it does,
the warmth and light that was given to us,
only embers retain their glow,
my heart quibbles at what will be shown,
the pitch of night, will unveil my hidden light,
praying the fire will be stoked,
that the ashes will not be soaked,
what will the others think and do,
I know this not, their thoughts are new,
I fear the actions that may be relished
if secrets they divulge, truth may be embellished
in the pitch of night, unveiled will be my light

Untitled

By Wittney Warm

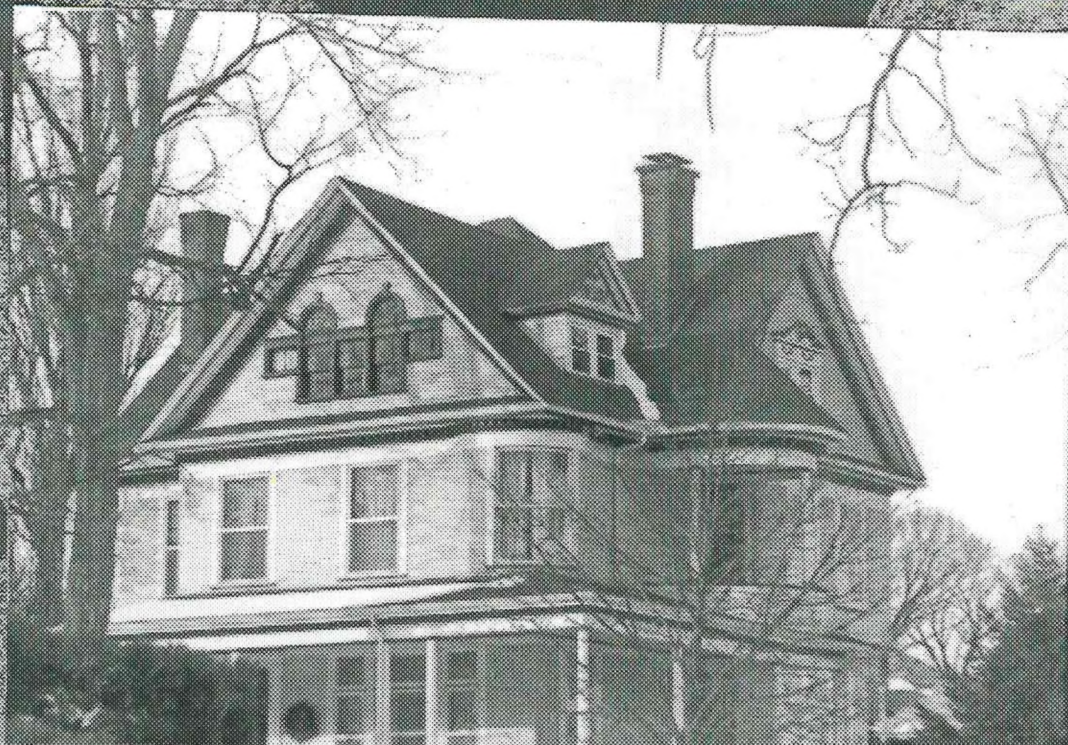
I do not agree
I must protest
That they would make me confess
All is simple.
All is clear.
Did you doubt me?
Did you fear?
Quiet!
I am disgusted
I am appalled
That you would think me so bold,
leave me along.
Get out of my sight.
I did not start that fight.

Death in the Dirt
By Mookie Less

The sky was dark and the clouds were black
Night was here, there was no turning back.
He grabbed the shovel and broke the ground
Then looked for miles and saw no one around.
A grave was the goal, to bury the shame
But the legend he knew would live in fame.
He was normal at sight, or on the phone
But whatever he touched turned into stone.
Tonight was the night, his life he would take
Not for his own but for the people's sake.
He ruined the lives of those who were near
And this he believed was the only cure.
Several digs later, now six feet deep

In This Place
By Adam Schelin

In this place,
I was lost
In this place,
Knowledge was at a cost.
In this place,
I was stuck in a spider web,
In this place,
Our knowledge was floating away with the ebb.
In this place,
No experience of a starry night,
In this place,
The elegance of a dove at flight.
In this place,
Please, please let me leave,
In this place,
You cannot perceive.
In this place,
You do not realize,
In this place,
You do not realize,
In this place,
That in their eyes,
In this place,
We live in a beautiful world.



14 seconds

Samantha Kennedy

Untitled
By Wittney Warm

Hard are the wrinkles on the old man's face
Eyes that have seen too much destruction of the human race
There is not an idea that does not cross his mind
As he remembers things no person should find
He stands straight and tall
As he holds his pride in front of the wall
living through a depression
living through two wars
He does not sleep
He just falls
Now he knows his time is near
His eyes show peace not fear
He wears his cap upon his head
As the coldness creeps up to his bed.



Drawing by Abby
Leonard

A Toy
By Cathryn Spinler

A broken porcelain doll
Lays discarded on the ground
And when looked upon
A tear-streaked face is found

A toy cast aside after use
A plaything destined for abuse.

The fight was typical
About one trifle matter or another
But escalated quickly into one
That left her torn asunder

A toy cast aside after use
A plaything destined for abuse.

An arm sore from twisting
And a swollen discolored cheek
Were the only visible indications
Of why she would choose to weep

A toy cast aside after use
A plaything destined for abuse.

But the worst of the fray was coming
In the return of her drunken "lover"
Who felt he wasn't finished yet
Leaving her no time to take cover

A toy cast aside after use
A plaything destined for abuse.

When he finally finished
And he left her once more
He still battered body
Remained discarded on the floor

Them
By Stephanie Hoover

When I'm lost, They guide me—
When I'm alone, They are my companions—
When I run, They accompany me—
When I climb, They soar above me—
When I sleep, They watch over me—
In the dead of night, They light my way.

NOTICE
BY BRITTANY CLEMENS

THERE WERE DAYS I THOUGHT
YOU WEREN'T HERE
BUT MAYBE YOU WERE
AND THOSE WERE THE DAYS
BEFORE I NOTICED
I NEVER KNEW WHAT NOTICING
COULD DO
CHANGE MY WORLD
CHANGE YOURS TOO
THOSE WERE THE DAYS
WHEN YOU NOTICED ME TOO
NOW THOSE DAYS HAVE PASSED
SOMETIMES YOU STILL NOTICE
BUT IT DOESN'T LAST
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW
THAT I WAS STILL NOTICING YOU TOO

Photo by Jessica Zeimet

